THE GLASGOW ORPHEUS CHOIR

HUGH S. ROBERTON,
CONDUCTOR.

St. Andrew's Hall

TUESDAY

11th MARCH, 1913

GLASGOW ORPHEUS CHOIR.

HUGH S. ROBERTON, CONDUCTOR.

Honorary Members.

SIR JOHN URE PRIMROSE, BART.
MDLLE. ANTONIA DOLORES.
GRANVILLE BANTOCK.
DR. GEORGE HENSCHEL.
PLUNKET GREENE.

Honorary President.

W. A. COLLINS.

President, . . .	F. H. BISSET.
Vice-President, . .	(Vacant.)
Secretary, . . .	JAS. G. MACKERRACHER.
Assistant Secretary, .	ROBERT GRAY.
Treasurer, . . .	GAVIN G. MAXWELL.
Librarians, . . .	WM. A. MILLER. MISS MARY FINLAYSON.
Pianist, ...	GILBERT ESPLIN.

Stewards.

Soprano, . . .	MISS SARAH M'MILLAN.
Contralto, . . .	MISS EUPHEMIA DALLAS.
Tenor, ...	GILBERT GRAY.
Bass, ...	ANDREW R. GUTHRIE.

Honorary Examiners.

GILBERT ESPLIN. WM. A. MILLER.

MEMBERSHIP OF CHOIR.—Application may now be made by letter to JAS. G. MACKERRACHER, Secretary, 134 Wellington Street (telephone, Douglas 99). Candidates must have good voices and be able to read music (either notation). The Choir Practices are held on Monday evenings in the Hall of Greyfriars U.F. Church, 34 North Albion Street (off George Street).

THE Glasgow Orpheus Choir was instituted in January. 1906, by seventy-two singers who, with the present conductor, had previously been associated with the music section of the Toynbee House social movement. The choir specialises in unaccompanied music, with particular reference to the modern type of composition. During the season now closing eighteen public appearances have been made, at all of which full concert programmes were submitted. The appearances were distributed as follows:—Glasgow (six times), Edinburgh (twice), Dunoon (twice), Portobello, Stirling, Greenock, Airdrie, Alexandria, Shettleston, Bellshill, and Kirkmuirhill. The Choir also sang at the International Musical Festival at Paris in May, 1912

LIST OF CHORISTERS.

SOPRANO.

1 Maggie Macbeth
2 Helen C. Bissett
3 Nellie Ballantyne
4 Ann Dallas
5 Ada Norwell
6 Sarah M'Millan
7 Margaret C. Alston
8 Isabella M'Intyre
9 Margaret Brown
10 Annie Hood
11 Agnes Mathieson
12 Margaret Ogilvie
13 Margaret S. Hume
14 Helen Mitchell
15 Nan M'Gregor
16 Bessie Macpherson
17 Mary Boyce
18 Mary Bryson
19 Annie Gardner
20 Bessie M'Kay
21 Agnes Briton
22 Jessie Moyes
23 Boyd Steven
24 Isa M'Nee
25 Mrs. Kathleen Goode
26 Agnes M'Kinney
27 Rosie Stokes
28 Rita Barr
29 Nellie Allan
30 Mary Kennedy
31 Nan Kerr
32 Bessie Brown
33 Agnes Kinloch
34 Elise Wylie

CONTRALTO.

1 Nellie Duthie
2 Chrissie A. M'Kean
3 Margaret Toner
4 Nellie Russell
5 Euphemia Dallas
6 Jeanie P. Harvie
7 Margaret J. Hogarth
8 Nellie Armstrong
9 Georgina Holland
10 Lila Day
11 Joan Ferguson
12 Mary Finlayson
13 E. H. Alexander
14 Cissy Brodie
15 Jessie B. Watson
16 Agnes M'Murtrie
17 May Westwater
18 Jessie Maguire
19 Agnes Girvan
20 Janet Kennedy
21 Margaret M. Herd
22 Jeanie W. Elder
23 Jean H. Stott
24 Jenny M'Intyre

TENOR.

1 William Jackson
2 Robert Saunders
3 Robert Gray
4 George Muir
5 George Birrell
6 William Miller
7 John Hyslop
8 William Wilson
9 Philip L. Dougal
10 Ralph Erskine, Jr.
11 John Macintyre
12 Wm. G. Gray
13 James M'Garvie
14 Wm. P. Robertson
15 Alex. M'Fedries
16 Gilbert Gray
17 Hugh Park
18 William Ross
19 James R. Melville
20 George H. Ronald
21 John Clark, Jr.
22 William H. Hamilton
23 George M. Hunter
24 James H. Barclay
25 Wm. L. Handyside
26 Robert Paterson.
27 Sam Hay.

BASS.

1 Hugh F. Graham
2 Robert M'Kean
3 Andrew R. Guthrie
4 John G. Aitken
5 Gavin G. Maxwell
6 Hugh M'Donald
7 John Westwood
8 James Nicolson, Jr.
9 Andrew P. Ritchie
10 William M'Arthur
11 George West
12 John S. Robertson
13 William B. Kenneth
14 John Barclay
15 William Buchanan
16 Robert M'Adam
17 Robert Chalmers
18 William L. Morrison
19 James B. Campbell
20 Wm. Turner Gray
21 Walter Turnbull
22 John M. Ferguson
23 James M'Brairdy
24 John J. M'Harg
25 Robert Ballantyne
26 Wm. D. Dallas
27 Wm. Wilson
28 James Fraser

With the view of enabling the audience to enjoy the Concert undisturbed, the doors will be closed during the performance of each item.

Ladies are respectfully requested to remove their hats during the Concert.

The notes on the Choral pieces are, with three exceptions, from the pen of the Society's conductor, Hugh S. Roberton. The exceptions—those on "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land," "Bold Turpin," and "By Babylon's Wave"—are from the programmes of the Mendelssohn Choir, Toronto.

GLASGOW ORPHEUS CHOIR

CONDUCTOR, - - HUGH S. ROBERTON

ASSISTED BY

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW

SENHOR JOSE DE MORAES

MR. WILFRID SENIOR

ACCOMPANIST

PROGRAMME.

CHORAL SONGS:

(*a*) "Gather ye Rosebuds," - - - *Hugh S. Roberton*
(*b*) "My love dwelt in a Northern Land," - - - *Elgar*
(*c*) "You stole my love," - - - - *Walter Macfarren*

SOLO:

"Vesti la giubba" (*I Pagliacci*), - - - - *Leoncavallo*

Senhor JOSÉ DE MORAES.

CHORAL SONGS:

(*a*) "Evening has lost her throne," - - *Granville Bantock*
(*b*) "As the moon's soft splendour," - - *Charles Wood*
(*c*) "Bold Turpin," - - - - - *Sir Frederick Bridge*

VIOLIN SOLO:

Andante and Finale (Concerto) - - - - *Mendelssohn*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

CHORAL SONGS:

(*a*) "All in the April evening," - - *Hugh S. Roberton*
(*b*) "The surrender of the soul to the everlasting love," - - - - - *Peter Cornelius*
(Op. 18, No. 1.)

SONGS:

(*a*) "Songs my mother taught me," - - - - *Dvorâk*
(*b*) "She is far from the land," - - - - *Lambert*
(*c*) "The Lark now leaves his wat'ry nest," - - *Hatton*

Senhor JOSÉ DE MORAES.

CHORAL SONGS:

(*a*) "Summer is gone," - - - - - *Coleridge-Taylor*
(*b*) "A Prayer to Mary," - - - - - - *Brahms*
(Marienlieder, Op. 22, No. 5.)
(*c*) "By Babylon's wave," - - - - - - *Gounod*

VIOLIN SOLOS:

(*a*) Caprice Viennois, - - - - - - - - *Kreisler*
(*b*) Serenade, - - - - - - - - - *Arensky*
(*c*) Spanish Dance, - - - - - - - - *Sarasate*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

CHORAL SONGS:

(*a*) "The flowers o' the forest" (old air), - *Arr. Lambeth*
(*b*) "Reverie," - - - - - - - *Hugh S. Roberton*
(*c*) "King Arthur," - - - - *Arr. Hugh S. Roberton*

"If to-day we are coming to smile at the old-fashioned square-toed choral style—it is almost wholly owing to the practice of a type of part song in which the first and last considerations are a sense of the *poetry* both of the words and of the music. The singing of a fine Brahms or Elgar or Bantock part song by a first-rate madrigal choir is as much more beautiful than the finest singing of the "Hallelujah Chorus" by our best large choirs as the bird of paradise is more beautiful than the elephant, or a little opal than a lump of granite, or the Monna Lisa than the Pyramids. Fineness of edge and of surface, and beauty and variety of colour, are coming to be thought more highly of than mere bulk and weight."—ERNEST NEWMAN.

Book of Words and Notes.

Choral Song, "Gather ye Rosebuds," *Hugh S. Roberton*

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.
The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer,
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former,
Then be not coy but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry,
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

—HERRICK.

Romance, "My love dwelt in a Northern Land," - *Elgar*

The flavour of romance hangs about this set of verses by Andrew Lang, published in the *Century Magazine* some years ago, and since made still more famous by Sir Edward Elgar's beautiful choral setting. The character of the verse is elegiac—a bit of imagery with a lament; a delicate theme requiring the most exquisite care on the part of the composer. The descriptions so happily intimated in the poem are tenderly illuminated by the harmonic treatment; often mere feathery suggestions in the accompanying voices while the first tenor and soprano voices carry on the air, describing in a picture of real choral loveliness the rising and setting of the Northern moon. The last verse resumes the melodic treatment of the first and adds to it a most eloquent bit of sombrely beautiful colouring. For pure choral delineation Elgar has never surpassed the delightful imagery of this setting.

My love dwelt in a Northern land,
A dim tower in a forest green
Was his, and far away the sand
And grey wash of the waves were seen
The woven forest boughs between;

And thro' the Northern summer night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silver white,
Came gleaming through the forest grey,
And fled like ghosts before the day.

And oft that month we watched the moon
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn,
And wane, with waning of the June,
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
She fell, and flamed in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle grey,
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish ere the day:
The grass above my love is green,
His heart is colder than the clay.

—Andrew Lang.

Choral Song, "You stole my love," *Walter Macfarren*
1826-1905

You stole my love; fy upon you, fy!
You stole my love, fy, fy, a;
Guessed you but what a pain it is to prove,
You for your love would die, a;
And henceforth never longer,
Be such a crafty wronger:
But when deceit takes such a fall,
Then farewell, sly device and all.

—Anthony Munday (1553).

Arioso, - - "Vesti la giubba" (*I Pagliacci*), - *Leoncavallo*

Senhor JOSE de MORAES

English Version.

To act with my heart maddened with sorrow,
I know not what I'm saying, or what I'm doing;
Yet I must face it—
Courage, my heart!
Bah! Thou art not a man;
Thou'rt but a jester!

On with the motley, the paint, and the powder.
The people pay thee, and want their laugh, you know.
If Harlequin thy Columbine has stolen,
Laugh, Punchinello! the world will cry "Bravo!"

Go hide with laughter thy tears and thy sorrow;
Sing and be merry, playing thy part;
Ah! laugh, Punchinello, for the love that is ended,
Laugh for the pain that is eating thy heart.

—F. E. WEATHERLY.

Choral Song, "Evening has lost her throne," *Granville Bantock*

"My love dwelt in a Northern Land" (first group) and "Evening has lost her throne" mark the definite entry of their respective composers into the field of modern lyrical tone-poetry. Elgar and Bantock have dared much since, and the *choir* as an instrument of expression has thereby been raised to a new and higher plane. Its psychology has been discovered, likewise its capacity for atmosphere and colour. Chorally, Bantock stands supreme as a colourist. The "Evening Scene" of Elgar (a unique masterpiece sung by the Choir last year) is perfect in its repose, its great quiet thoughtfulness, its fidelity. Different men, different ways. Bantock's nocturne is equally true and pure in expression, but the picture somehow is a living one; the night of the artist wide awake to all suggestion and play of light and shadow. The magic of the sky is in Bantock's sketch. From the dream-like opening to the silvery and highly characteristic close it forms a tone-picture of surpassing loveliness, and one in which the human note is ever present, pointing and illuming the poet's exquisite analogy.

EVENING has lost her throne; the rosy smile
  Fades from her disenchanted realms;
Now darker shadows lengthen from the file,
  Of lofty dreaming elms;
The fields lie silent, waiting for the love
  Of yonder moon, who lingers pale,
  Like a young bride behind her scarce seen veil,
Faint with sweet eagerness, yet shy
  To leave the bosom of her mother grove
And bare her brightness to the lonely sky.

—ALFRED HAYES.

Choral Song, "As the moon's soft splendour," *Charles Wood*

No anthology of part songs would be complete without several examples from the pen of Dr. Charles Wood. To the choral epicure there is no more delightful composer. Freedom, fancy, and fine workmanship characterise all his settings. Over the poetry of his choice he throws a musical mantle, rich, warm, and coloury. His "Shakespeare" settings are "gems of purest ray serene." Here we find him no less successful in catching the spirit and glow and abandon of Shelley.

As the moon's soft splendour
O'er the faint cold starlight of Heaven is thrown,
So Thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has given its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later to-night;
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of thy melody scatter delight.

Sing again, though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing a tone
Of some world, far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling are one.

—SHELLEY.

Romance, - - "Bold Turpin," *Sir Frederick Bridge*

The case of two eminent Englishmen conspiring in a bold humoresque is well illustrated in the choral romance, "Bold Turpin." Sam Weller's "wild and beautiful legend," recited to the Pickwickians was always funny enough as mere verse. Sir Frederick Bridge in his musical setting has broadened its humour and sharpened its wit till it becomes as mirth-provoking as one of Hogarth's pictures. Turpin gallops off with a choral shout, the Bishop's coach is heard "a-coming along the road-er" with an octave passage between the first and second basses; the advent of the Bishop is heralded with an interpolated adaptation of a Gregorian chant; the pistol is "fired" with an augmented *sforzando;* the coachman drives off in a cleverly imitative rhythmical movement and is "perwailed" upon to stop with a bullet-like *staccato.* In all this rollicking caricature the piece is splendidly musical in every measure; the figures are woven with remarkable skill, and the composer everywhere contrives the most grateful harmonic effects. From which it may be inferred that though Mr. Weller's legend may have been impromptu, the musical setting by Dr. Bridge was most carefully studied out.

"Mr. Samuel Weller burst at once into the following wild and beautiful legend." *Vide* "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens.

BOLD Turpin vunce, on Hounslow Heath,
His black mare Bess bestrod-er;
Ven there he see'd the Bishop's coach,
A-coming along the road-er.

So he gallops close to the 'orse's legs,
And he claps his head vithin;
And the Bishop says, "Sure as eggs is eggs,
This here's the bold Turpin."

Says Turpin, "You shall eat your words,
With a sarse of leaden bullet;"
So he puts a pistol to his mouth,
And he fires it down his gullet.

The coachman, he not likin' the job,
Set off at a full gallop,
But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,
And perwailed on him to stop.

Violin Solo, Andante and Finale (Concerto), *Mendelssohn*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW

Choral Song, "All in the April evening," *Hugh S. Roberton*

One of the most exquisite of modern lyrics, exquisite in its tenderness and in its proportion. The music only seeks to bring its beauties into fuller relief.

ALL in the April evening,
April airs were abroad;
The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road.
The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road,
All in the April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak human cry;
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.
Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet;
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God
Up on the hilltop green
Only a cross of shame,
Two stark crosses between.
All in the April evening
April airs were abroad;
I saw the sheep with their lambs
And thought on the Lamb of God.

—KATHERINE TYNAN.

Eight=Part Motet:

"The Surrender of the Soul to the Everlasting Love,"

BY

PETER CORNELIUS.

1824-74.

(Op. 18, No. 1.)

When the history of modern choralism comes to be written, the name of Peter Cornelius must rank high as a pioneer. Perhaps he was the very first composer to recognise as possibilities the features which distinguish the choralism of to-day. Ultra-modern in spirit and outlook (the friend of Wagner and Liszt), Cornelius brought a clear and exalted mind into his work. His wonderful choral compositions lay neglected for many years. In England it was through the Festival movement that they were first brought into prominence. "Cornelius" is difficult. He cares not how he moves or modulates. His business is to *express*. A feature of his work is its chaste quality; a kind of indisputable classicism and bigness of outline. There are no muggy morasses where one can conveniently flounder and be forgiven. The *spirit* lies deep in his work, and the performance of the *letter* needs to be sub-conscious if the spirit is to be found. "The Surrender of the Soul" is a brilliant example. Intellectually, æsthetically, and emotionally it satisfies. Great as is the theme, the music is as great. The soaring appeal of the first word "Saviour" at once strikes a high spiritual note. Thereafter the whole work centres round the theme of renunciation—"Love, I give myself to Thee," &c. This is presented again and again in different keys and with different resolutions and choral combinations, as if it were some great and precious gem every facet of which must be shown to the highest advantage. The connecting passages—notably the awesome unison "Who alone," &c., occurring after the strong searching cries "Saviour! Saviour!" and the gloriously polyphonic "Thou, Who one day," &c.—are points that cannot fail to attract notice; and the final treatment of the renunciation theme, with its great uplifting climax on the word "THINE," makes a fitting culmination to a composition which for beauty, sincerity, strength, and sheer mastery of the choral idiom, has not been excelled.

SAVIOUR, Who in Thine own image,
To create me didst once deign,
Love, Who gently now hast led me,
Back to Paradise again.

Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine to be eternally.

Love, Who ere I was created,
Choosedst me to be Thine own,
Love, Who hast my manhood taken,
All my joys and sorrows known.

Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine to be eternally.

Love, Who once on earth hast suffer'd,
Here for me content to die,
Love, Who in the strife hast won me
Everlasting joy on high.

Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine to be eternally.

Love, Whose yoke is laid upon me,
Making me for ever Thine,
Love, Whose pow'r is all-subduing,
Claiming ev'ry thought of mine.

Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine to be eternally.

Saviour, Who alone canst raise me
From the grave of mortal woe,
Thou, Who one day wilt the mantle
Of Thy Glory round me throw.

Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine to be eternally.

—Translated from the German of JOHANNES SCHÄFFLER
by Mrs. R. HOWARD KRAUSE.

Songs:

(*a*) "Songs my mother taught me," - - - *Dvorâk*
(*b*) "She is far from the land," - - - *Lambert*
(*c*) "The Lark now leaves his wat'ry nest," - - *Hatton*

Senhor JOSE de MORAES

(*a*) SONGS my mother taught me
In the days long vanish'd.
Seldom from my eyelids
Were the teardrops banish'd.

Now I teach my children
Each melodious measure.
Oft the tears are flowing,
From my mem'ry's treasure.

(*b*) SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Ev'ry note which he loved awaking;
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

(*c*) THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings.

Awake! awake! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.
Awake! awake!

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.

Choral Song, - "Summer is gone," - *Coleridge-Taylor*
1875-1912

By the death of Coleridge-Taylor, which occurred a few months ago, music generally and choral music in particular suffers a real loss. His contributions to the repertory of part songs were strikingly individualistic, and conspicuous for exquisite sense of harmonic effect, warm colouring, and atmosphere. "Summer is gone" has all these features. The influence of the "string" orchestra is apparent in its construction and in the chromatic character of its windings. Notice, too, how charmingly the autumnal mood—nature in decay—is caught, the heavy clinging rhythm, with odd glances of tone colour, seeming to suggest a sodden woodland under the drift and flutter of the last crisp red leaves. Somewhat neurotic in expression, perhaps, but always beautiful and always poetry. The hand of the artist is shown in the concentration of feeling in the closing section and the unexpected major ending.

SUMMER is gone with all its roses,
Its sun, and perfumes, and sweet flow'rs,
Its warm air and refreshing show'rs;
And even autumn closes.

Yea! Autumn's chilly self is going,
And winter comes, which is yet colder.
Each day the hoar frost waxes bolder,
And the last buds cease blowing.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Choral Song, - "A Prayer to Mary," - - - *Brahms*
(Marienlieder, Op. 22, No. 5.) 1833-97

As a part-song writer Brahms was always beautifully human and at the same time deeply poetic. His "Marienleider," an early work, consists of seven numbers, some of them quaint and curious things in which Mary is addressed in a delightfully intimate and homely way, the reason being that the work was inspired by the religious tradition and lore of a simple peasantry and not by the church. "A Prayer to Mary" is the gem of the collection. Brahms' genius as a part-writer is well exemplified here in the finely curved melody and the wonderfully glowing harmonies. The note of reverence, too, is very touching—so tender, so devout, so true.

THOU Mother of God to thee we cry!
Pray for us, O Mary,
O in our troubles pass not by,
But plead thou with thy Son most high,
Who for our sake came down to die.
Pray for us, O Mary!

Thy saving grace on us bestow!
Pray for us, O Mary,
That we in virtue still may grow,
And when our course is run below,
The joys of heaven we may know.
Pray for us, O Mary!

Thou art our never-failing spring;
Pray for us, O Mary,
That us the Holy Ghost may bring
To penance true and pardoning,
Through thy dear Son, our heavenly King!
Pray for us, O Mary!

—English Translation by PAUL ENGLAND.

Motet, - - "By Babylon's wave," - - *Gounod*
1818-93

Two almost radically opposed methods of setting a Psalm to music are presented by Gounod and Mendelssohn. The latter has almost invariably preferred the lyric method. Gounod in his treatment of Psalm cxxxvii has chosen the dramatic. The work divides itself into three clearly defined movements. The first expresses the desolation of the Hebrew captives in Babylon; the second, remonstrance and remembrance of Jerusalem; the third, vengeance. These three movements are as individualistic as the movements of a symphony. The first (*adagio*) is plaintively tender and religiously reminiscent. The second movement (*moderato maestoso*) breaks in with a forte unison passage for all the voices—"When mad with wine our foe rejoices"—passing into a fugal period (*allegro moderato*) for altos, tenors, and basses. This figure is splendidly conceived, and works out into a beautiful full-harmony passage—"Jerusalem, if we forget thee"—finely expressing the intense patriotic yearning of the captive exiles. The final movement is characterised by a ferocity which makes remarkable demands on the dramatic and tonal resources of a chorus. The scoring is equal to all the demands of the text—and the text speaks for itself. It is as full of elemental, almost primitive, emotion as the first movement is replete with the most exquisite tenderness.

Adagio

HERE by Babylon's wave,
Tho' heathen hands have bound us,
Tho' afar from our land,
The pains of death surround us:
Sion! thy mem'ry still
In our heart we are keeping,
And still we turn to thee,
Our eyes all sad with weeping.
Thro' our harps that we hung on the trees
Goes the low wind wearily moaning;
Mingles the sad note of the breeze
With voice as sad of sigh and groaning.

Moderato Maestoso

When mad with wine our foe rejoices,
When unto their altars they throng,
Loud for mirth then they call,
"A song! A song of Sion sing;
Lift up your voices!"

Allegro Moderato

O Lord, though the victor command
Our captivity, sad and lowly,
How shall we raise thy song so holy,
That we sang in our fatherland?
Jerusalem, if we forget thee,
Let our hands remember not their power,
And our tongues be silent from that hour,
Jerusalem, if we forget thee!

Moderato Woe unto thee! Babylon, mighty city,
Maestoso For the day of thy fall is nigh,
Assai For thee no hope, for thee no pity,
Tho' loud thy wail riseth on high.
Then shalt thou, desolate, forsaken,
Be torn from thy fanes and thy thrones;
In that day shall thy babes be taken,
Taken and dashed against the stones.
Then unto thee, O Babylon, the mighty,
Be woe!

—Paraphrased by HENRY FARNIE.

Violin Solos:

(*a*) Caprice Viennois, - - - - - *Kreisler*
(*b*) Serenade, - - - - - - *Arensky*
(*c*) Spanish Dance, - - - - - *Sarasate*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW

Scottish Song, "The flowers o' the forest" - *Arr. Lambeth*

(*Old Air.*)

I'VE heard them liltin' at the ewe milkin',
Lasses a' liltin' before dawn of day;
Now there's a moanin' on ilka green loanin',
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

We'll hae nae mair liltin' at the ewe milkin',
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin',
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

—JANE ELLIOT.

Choral Song, - - "Reverie," - - *Hugh S. Roberton*

In the quietude of nature,
In the forest's mournful sighing,
In the drooping of the treetops,
I can feel the summer dying;

In the wailing of the west wind,
At the unforgotten gladness
Of the rapture of the song-birds,
I can hear the note of sadness.

In the fainting of the last rose,
In the chilly breezes blowing
Down the valley all the dead leaves,
I can see the summer going.

In the rustling of the dry leaves,
In the shades of death that hover
O'er the stillness of the dim lake,
I can tell that summer's over.

And my heart is like the last rose
On its seared stem reclining,
And my hopes are like the treetops,
For the summer sun repining.

And the wailing of the west wind
Seems an answer to my sighing.
When the dewdrop is a teardrop,
When the summer days are dying.

—Hugh S. Roberton.

English Song, - "King Arthur," *Arr. Hugh S. Roberton*

(A Dorsetshire Folk-song.)

KING Arthur ruled the land.
That he did!
And a right good ruler was he.
That he was!
He had three sons of yore, and he kicked
them out of door,
Because they could not sing.

The first one he was a miller.
That he was!
The second one he was a weaver.
That he was!
And the third one he was a little tailor boy,
And he was mighty clever!

The miller he stole corn.
That he did!
The weaver he stole yarn.
That he did!
And the little tailor boy he stole corduroy
To keep those three rogues warm.

The miller he got drown'd in his dam.
That he did!
The weaver he got hang'd with his yarn.
That he did!
But the devil ran away with the little tailor boy
With the broadcloth under his arm.

—TRADITIONAL.

Glasgow Orpheus Choir.

Prospective Arrangements for Season 1913-14

TWO CONCERTS IN ST. ANDREW'S HALL

THURSDAY, 4th DEC., 1913

Programme of Scottish music.

TUESDAY, 17th MAR., 1914

(St. Patrick's Day)

Miscellaneous programme, including a selection of Irish music.

Prog - 311